



## The "Glorious Fourth."

**T**HREE days more, and we shall be in the midst of the "glorious 4th," as it is called by us "proud yankees;" and called glorious, too, by many who, after all, would find it difficult to tell in what its glory really consisted, yet in whose bosoms the very mention of it awakens associations held dear as life.

Listen! how, from one border of the land to the other, brisk sounds of prepa-

ration are going up, like an incense, as it were, from the hearts of a grateful people, all aiming to a proper celebration of that great birthday of our national independence. Meetings, committees, processions, music, guns, dinners, orations, &c. &c., are the order of the day. No one cares for any thing else; no one thinks of any thing else. And amid all this bustle, are the young folks idle? Let us see:



"I say, you, boy! what have you there?"

"A flag, sir."

"But what is the flag for?"

"It is the American flag, sir, (drawing himself up to his full height;) do you not see its stripes and stars? I am going to celebrate with it." And away he runs.

"Here! you other boy; what have you got?"

"It is a cannon sir. I am going to salute the Fourth;" and soon, he is out of sight.

"And you, boy! what have you?"

"Crackers, sir. Don't you know the Fourth is coming?" and he too disappears.

And thus it is, with old and young: all are deeply interested in, and busy preparing for, the Fourth. All steps are light, all throats vociferous, because all hearts are full. It is the glad exultation of a blest and happy people; and, truly, we shall enjoy the shouts and huzzas, guns, drums, and every thing, in short, even down to the most trifling "phizz," with which they will welcome in, and welcome through, that loved and cherished day. All will be acceptable, in its proper season and place.

But what reason have we for such rejoicings? Can any of you tell?

"Because we were victorious," says one.

Victory, in itself considered, is a very small, nay, a very foolish matter for joy. Unless some permanent good comes of it it is rather an occasion for sorrow.

"But good did come of it, sir; we became free and independent."

Well, if our freedom and independence enable us to be better, or do better than we otherwise should, it is well. I have

known some little boys and girls, however, who were fond of being independent of their parents and teachers, and free only that they might do their own pleasure; but I could never see that they were the better for it, but, rather, worse. Independence and freedom are good when rightly used, but are both worthless and injurious if misused; and it is as really so with a great nation, as with a single person.

So you see that it is not the thing itself, but that which follows as a consequence of it, which determines the value of victory and independence, as well as the value of every thing else. Let us see how it is with our country.

First, then, the victory.—A great many years ago, this country belonged to England; and the English government made many severe laws by which to keep our forefathers in subjection to itself; and that, too, without giving them any voice or hearing in the making of those laws. Our forefathers petitioned the government to alter them or make new ones less severe, but it only made them more severe, until, at last, the laws became so unjust and insufferable that the people were forced to fight in defense of their rights, and they were victorious; and the victory secured them their rights, and for this we may truly rejoice. Three cheers, then, for the victory which gained the right!

Secondly — Free and independent.—We think we can safely say that we have done more good to the world by being a free and independent people than we otherwise could, and that, at least, we make quite as good a use of our independence as other nations do of theirs. Churches



are built, God is worshiped, schools are opened all over the land; and religion and enlightenment is carried by us to all parts of the world; and the poor and down-trodden of other lands find in this a safe and welcome retreat from the oppressions of their own; thus showing that both ourselves and the people of other nations are truly blest by the freedom we enjoy. Three cheers, again, then, for the freedom and independence which bestows such blessings upon ourselves and the whole world!

Thus it is, dear children, and thus it ever will be: we must determine the value of all things, all circumstances, and all events, not by the seeming excellence or glory they may have in themselves, but by the actual good derived from them.

The Fourth of July is, to an American, and to all who take up their abode in America, a welcome and a glorious day; because it truly marks the period when all these great national and social blessings, which we so richly enjoy, were first really secured to our fathers, ourselves, and to all who shall come after us; and it is well that we should observe that day with peculiar rejoicings, and look back with admiration and gratitude to those true and wise men who risked all for our well-being, and with reverence and love to God, who, in those dark years of trial, guided our beloved people through the conflicts and perils of war, to the bright and happy days of peace and enjoyment which now beam so cheerfully upon us.

But, before we close, let us say one word for England, good old England; the land from whence a great part of our people came. It is true we were once vexed by them, yet not so much by the people as

by a few of the rulers, for the people sympathized with us; it was only a few of the rulers who wished to oppress us, and even they showed no greater injustice than some of our own rulers have shown in their treatment of the poor Indians. If, in the hour of trial, we were victorious, it was not because we were braver or stronger than they, but because we had the right on our side. Had we been in the wrong, then would they, most likely, have overmatched us, for the English are a great, a powerful, and a glorious people: our own brethren, as it were, of one family and language. Let us regard them as such.

At the commencement of these remarks you will see a picture of the "star-spangled banner" which is so loved and cherished by all of us. Here we give you the song which belongs with it, and which we think is a fit closing of so patriotic a subject. Sing it, you who know its music, with the fullest and most enthusiastic tones you can utter.

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's  
last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through  
the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-  
lantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag  
was still there;  
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet  
wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave?



On the shore, dimly seen through the midst of  
the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes ;

What is that which the breeze o'er the tower-  
ing steep,

As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-dis-  
closes ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;

'T is the star-spangled banner, O ! long may  
it wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly  
swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's con-  
fusion

A home and a country should leave us no more ?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-  
step's pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the  
grave ;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
doth wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

O ! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's  
desolation !

Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-  
rescued land,

Praise the power that hath made and pre-  
served us a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is  
just,

And this be our motto — "In God is our trust !"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave,

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave

### The English Language.

To give our readers some idea of the  
great changes which have taken  
place in the English Language,  
since its first formation, we make  
a selection, consisting of the Lord's Prayer  
as written at different periods.

"1300—Fader our in hevene, Haleweyed  
be thi name, come thi kingdom, Thi will  
be done as in hevene and in erthe. Our  
uche dayes bred give us to-day, An forgive  
us our dettes, as we forgiven our dettours,  
And lede us not into temptation, Bute  
deliver us of yvel. Amen.

1379—(Wickliff's Bible.)—Our fadyr  
that art in heavenes, Halloed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come to, Be thy will done  
in erthe as in heavens ; Give us this day  
our bread over other substannes ; And  
forgif to us our dettes as we forgivenn to  
our detters ; and lead us not into temp-  
tation ; But deliver us from evel. Amen.

1536—(Tindal's Testament)—O our  
father which art in heaven, halowed be thy  
name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will  
be fulfilled as well in erthe as hit ys in  
heven. Give vs this daye oure dayly  
breade. And forgive vs oure trespasses,  
as we forgive them which trespass vs.  
Leede vs not into temptation but delyver  
us from yvell. Amen.

1589—(Coverdale's Bible.)—Our father  
which art in heaven, hallowed be thy  
name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be  
done even on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread. And  
forgive us dettes as we forgive our detters.  
And lead us not into temtation, but deliver  
us from evill ; for thine is the kingdom  
and the power and the glorie for ever.  
Amen."





Christ Blessing Little Children.

BY J. CLEMENT.

When the Saviour dwelt below  
 How his heart with love did glow !  
 He to all the way would show

Leading to the realms above :  
 Men who phantoms long had chas'd,  
 And whose years had run to waste,  
 He implored to come and taste  
 Of the joys of pardoning love.

And with parents he would plead  
 That their lov'd ones they would lead  
 To his feet, that He might feed  
 Their young souls with heavenly truth.

See those children round him press,  
 Sharing each his sweet caress,  
 While He does to them address  
 Counsel, good to learn in youth.

He who bless'd young children here,  
 Though in yonder higher sphere,  
 By his Spirit still is near

All who would from sin be free ;  
 And, methinks, from day to day,  
 I can hear the Saviour say  
 To the youthful groups at play,  
 " Little children, come to Me."





Treaty with the Indians.

**N**ow, my young friends, we will endeavor to have something of a more pleasing nature than those stories about war, which I have told you in some previous numbers of the CASKET. Look at this picture. You see no swords, no guns, no tomahawks; you see no men lying wounded and bleeding, or dead upon the ground. No, there is nothing of all this here. It is a peaceful picture, such an one as I trust you delight to look upon, rather than those which we had in our other stories. There stands a tall and graceful Indian orator, with his blanket folded around him. Orators—those who could speak well in council, have always been considered great men among the Indians of this country, and have had a great influence in their tribes. They dress rather curiously. Before the white people came over the ocean, they used the skins of animals entirely, as they did not know any thing about making cloth. And one is rarely seen now, who will wear a coat or a pair of pantaloons; but they prefer a loose blanket thrown around the shoulders. Well, there this

Orator stands. Before him is burning the council fire. Shall I tell you what a council fire is? It has ever been a custom among the Indians to have this fire when they had any important business to do, and they would keep it burning night and day. They thought a great deal of it, and felt very bad whenever it went out. They had a council house too, which you can see in the back-ground of the picture. In this they had a great many curious ceremonies, and had their war dance, and their peace dance, and their council dance, which were kept up with a great deal of regularity. You see there too, an Indian sitting down, and quietly smoking the calumet. Now would you like to know what this calumet is? Or do you know already? For fear that some of you do n't, I will tell you. It is a pipe on one side, and a hatchet on the other, with a long handle or stem through which the smoke is drawn. This is a very important article with them, and is held in great estimation. Whenever they want to form a treaty, the calumet is brought out, filled with tobacco and lighted. One



chief takes a whiff, and then another, and so on until it has been smoked by both parties. Nothing could induce an Indian to break the pledge which is thus made. There are others looking gravely on the scene. Before our orator are the white people. See how attentively they listen to what he is saying. Do you know that in this respect the Indians are the most polite people in the world? They never interrupt while one is speaking. Boys and girls should bear this in mind and learn to imitate them. Well, as I was saying, these white men are listening. They appear to be very much interested in the "talk," that the Indian is making, and one of them has a roll of paper and seems to be writing it down. They look like good men who have come to make a treaty of friendship with the Indians, that they may all live happily together.

I suppose you are aware that many years ago all this great country of ours — the places where all our villages and towns and cities are — belonged to the Indians. Nobody can find out how long they had owned it, as they don't know how to make histories by writing or printing, as we do. Most any of you can tell me when America was discovered, and a great many other things that took place hundreds and even thousands of years ago, because you have books to learn out of, and so it is handed down from one generation to another, and is not lost. But these poor people had no books, and they soon forgot all that happened, only remembering it for a few generations. When our fathers came over here from England in large ships, they found the Indians the only inhabitants of this country. Can you tell me where they first

landed? I am sure you can, as you will never forget Plymouth Rock, which is near the city of Boston in the State of Massachusetts. They bought land of the Indians at first, and for a while lived very peaceably with them, and they have sometimes done so since; though there have been cruel and bloody wars as I have before told you.

You have read of William Penn, the Quaker. Now these Quakers are a peculiar kind of people. They wear broad-brimmed hats, and funny looking coats, and don't believe in being dressed at all like other folks. They think war is wicked and will scarcely fight enough to defend themselves or to save their lives. The King of England, a long time ago, before the Revolution, gave Penn a grant of land on the Delaware river — though it was owned by the Indians. He did not do as a great many others have done, get up an army and go and drive them off. No, he sent some of his brethren, such as you see in the picture, to buy their land of them. The Indians were a simple people, living in rude huts with scarcely any thing like furniture; they had but little idea of the value of any kind of property, and did not care much about it, and a string of beads or some other trifling thing has often been received by them in exchange for many acres of land. This Indian orator, I suppose, is telling the white people how much land his tribe will sell them and what they expect to get for it. They agreed very well, and the Quakers purchased what is now the great State of Pennsylvania, and the Indians were perfectly satisfied. They always remained friends and lived peaceably and happily together without war or bloodshed.



If all the white people had done as the Quakers did, it would have saved a great deal of suffering and cruelty, which have taken place in our country, the last only the other day in California. Don't you like the way WILLIAM PENN got along with the Indians much better than that of those who went out against them with armies and killed them and burned their villages and destroyed their growing grain. I know you do, for boys and girls, if they are good children, always hate war and cruelty.

There is, my young friends, a great advantage in having a peaceful disposition and in doing right by every body. You will find it so as you become older, and you should think of it now. Be kind to your playmates, and to all others, and you will be happier for it—it will bring down blessings upon you. E. E. B.

### Conscience.



LITTLE boy called Jem Roberts, having been sent to weed in a gentleman's garden, observing some very beautiful peaches on a tree which grew upon a wall, was strongly tempted to pluck one.

"If it tastes half as nice as it looks," thought he "how delightful it must be!" He stood for an instant gazing on the tree, while his mother's words, "Touch nothing that does not belong to you," came vividly to mind. He withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and with pleasure he now perceived he had nearly reached the end of

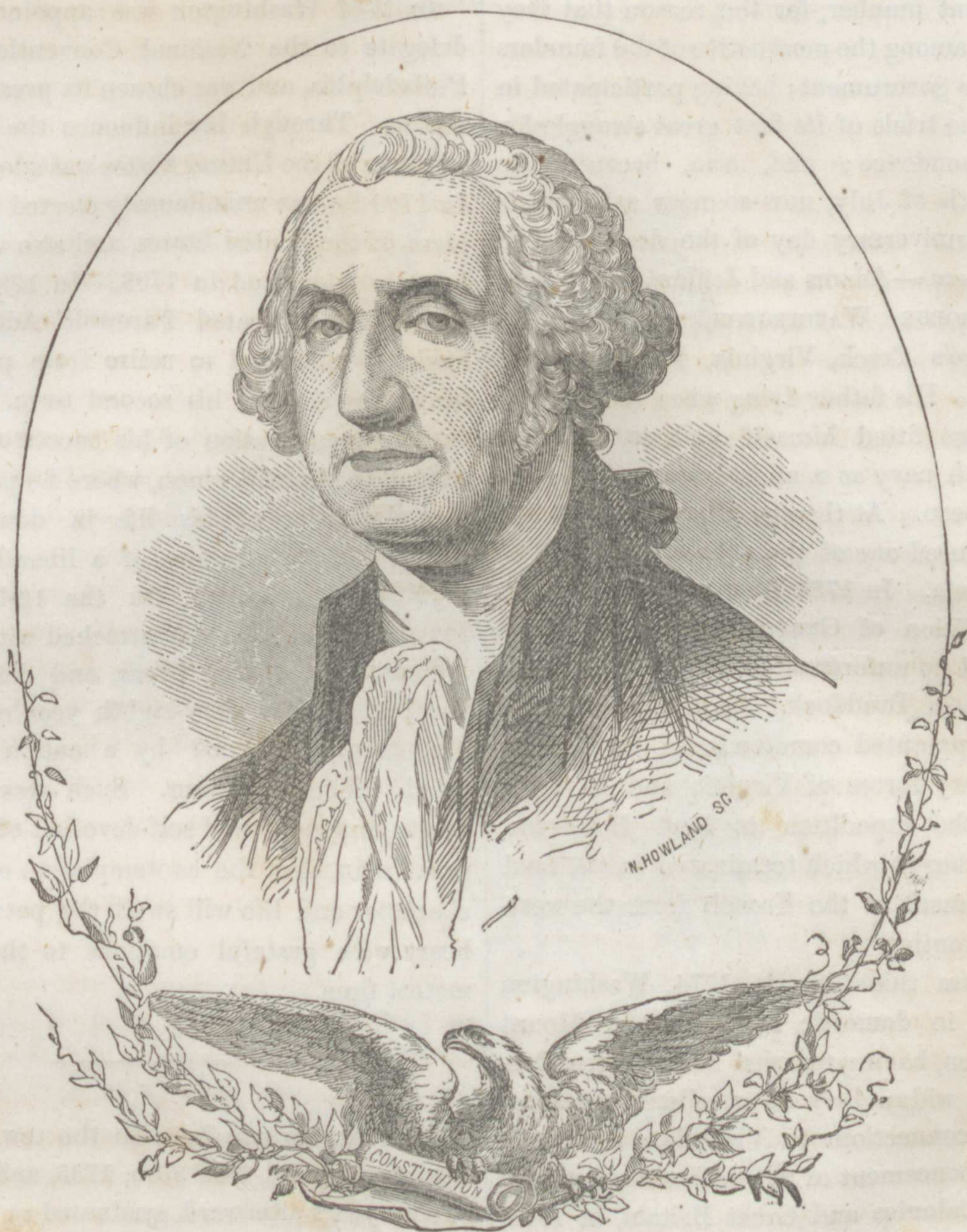
the bed which he had been ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit them in the wheelbarrow which stood near the peach-tree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful and more tempting than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still his heart beat, his mother's command was heard no more, his resolution was gone! He looked around, there was no one in the garden but himself. "They can never miss one out of so many," said he to himself. He made a step, only one—he was now within reach of the prize; he darted forth to seize it, when, at the very moment, a sparrow from a neighboring tree, calling to his companion, seemed to his startled ear to say "Jem, Jem." He sprang back to the walk, his hand fell to his side, his whole frame shook, and no sooner had he recovered himself, than he fled from the spot.

In a short time afterward he began thus to reason with himself; "If a sparrow could frighten me thus, I may be sure that what I was going to do was very wicked."

And now he worked with greater diligence than ever, nor once again trusted himself to gaze on the fruit which had so nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrows chirped again as he was leaving the garden, but he no longer fled at the sound.

"You may cry, Jem, Jem," said he, looking steadily at the tree in which several were perched, "as often as you like, I don't care for you now; but this I will say, I will never forget how good a friend one of you has been to me, and I will rob none of your nests again."—*Selected.*





George Washington, First President of the United States.

**I**N order that our readers may be able to impress upon their minds the looks, and, to some extent, a history, of the Presidents of our beloved land, we commence, with the present number, a series of portraits and biographies of them, which we trust will not be wholly unacceptable; and we hope our young

friends, at the same time they are impressing upon their memories the history and looks, will also impress upon their hearts the virtues, of each. Cherish their memories and imitate their examples, and we prophesy many a bright page yet to be added to our country's history.

We commence with three, for the



present number, for the reason that they were among the most active of the founders of the government; having participated in all the trials of its first great struggle for independence; and, also, because the Fourth of July, now so near at hand, is the anniversary day of the death of two of them — Adams and Jefferson.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, was born at Bridge's Creek, Virginia, February 22d, 1732. His father dying when he was ten, George fitted himself and entered the British navy as a midshipman, at the age of fifteen. At the age of nineteen, he was appointed one of the adjutant-generals of Virginia. In 1754 Washington joined the expedition of General Braddock, which ended so unfortunately in the defeat and death of Braddock. Soon after this he was appointed commander-in-chief of the military forces of Virginia, and in 1758, led the expedition to Fort Duquesne, (Pittsburg,) which terminated in the final retirement of the French from the western frontier.

From this time to 1774, Washington lived in domestic retirement, at Mount Vernon, having married Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow lady of excellent character and connections in Virginia. Upon the commencement of the difficulties between the Colonies and Great Britain, in 1774, he was sent to the Continental Congress from Virginia, and in 1775 was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army. From this moment the life and services of General Washington are the property of his country and the world. At the conclusion of the war he resigned his commission, and refused to receive any compensation for his military services, except his expenses.

In 1787 Washington was appointed a delegate to the National Convention in Philadelphia, and was chosen its presiding officer. Through his influence the Constitution of the United States was adopted. In 1789 he was unanimously elected President of the United States, and also unanimously re-elected in 1793. In 1796, he issued his celebrated Farewell Address, having determined to retire from public life at the close of his second term. After the inauguration of his successor, he retired to Mount Vernon, where he passed the remainder of his life in domestic peace, and the exercise of a liberal and dignified hospitality. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was attacked with an inflammation of the throat, and died on the 14th, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, deeply mourned by a nation who loved him as a father. Such was the purity, integrity, and self-devotion of this great man, that the contemplation of his character and life will swell the patriotic heart with grateful emotions to the remotest time.

---

JOHN ADAMS was born in the town of Braintree, Mass., Oct. 30th, 1735, and just twenty years afterward, graduated at Harvard College, studied law in Worcester, and was admitted to the bar in 1758. He practiced law in his native town until 1766, when he removed to Boston, and at once assumed a prominent rank among the members of the bar.

In 1764, Mr. Adams married Miss Abigail Smith, of Weymouth. In 1770, he was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts. In 1774, he was elected a





John Adams, Second President.

member of the Council, but was refused by Governor Gage. The next year he was elected to the Continental Congress, and became at once the earnest and efficient advocate of liberty. In the next Congress, he seconded the nomination of General Washington as commander-in-chief of the American army, and the next

year warmly supported the memorable Declaration of Independence.

In 1777, Mr. Adams was appointed a commissioner to the court of France, and returned home in the summer of 1779. Soon after he was chosen a member of the Massachusetts State Convention, and reported a Constitution which was, in



most of its points, adopted. In the meantime, Congress appointed Mr. Adams minister plenipotentiary for negotiating peace with Great Britain, and he arrived in Paris in February, 1780. In 1782, he procured a loan of 8,000,000 of guilders, and negotiated a treaty with Holland, acknowledging the independence of the United States. In 1783, he aided in negotiating a final treaty of peace with Great Britain, signed by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay.

In 1785, Mr. Adams was appointed minister at the court of St. James. In 1788, he returned, after an absence of nearly nine years, assiduously and ardently devoted to the service of his country.

Mr. Adams was, in 1789, elected Vice-President of the United States, on the same ticket with Washington, and re-elected in 1793. Upon the retirement of Washington, Mr. Adams was elected President, and Mr. Jefferson elected Vice-President. In 1801, Mr. Adams retired to his estate in Quincy, and passed the remainder of his life in literary and scientific pursuits. The friendship between him and Mr. Jefferson continued unbroken, and was kept warm by frequent correspondence.

In the year 1825, Mr. Adams saw his son elevated to the same high office he himself had filled; and on the 4th day of July, 1826, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which he had been so greatly instrumental in maintaining, the good and faithful patriot peacefully expired. He was asked, only a little while before his death, to suggest a toast for the approaching anniversary celebration. "I will give you," said he, "Independence forever."

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Coochland, Va., April 13th, 1743. He inherited the property of Monticello, upon which he lived and where he died.

He entered William and Mary College in 1760, was educated for the law, and in 1767 was admitted to the bar, and continued practicing with distinguished success, until the Revolution broke out and closed the courts.

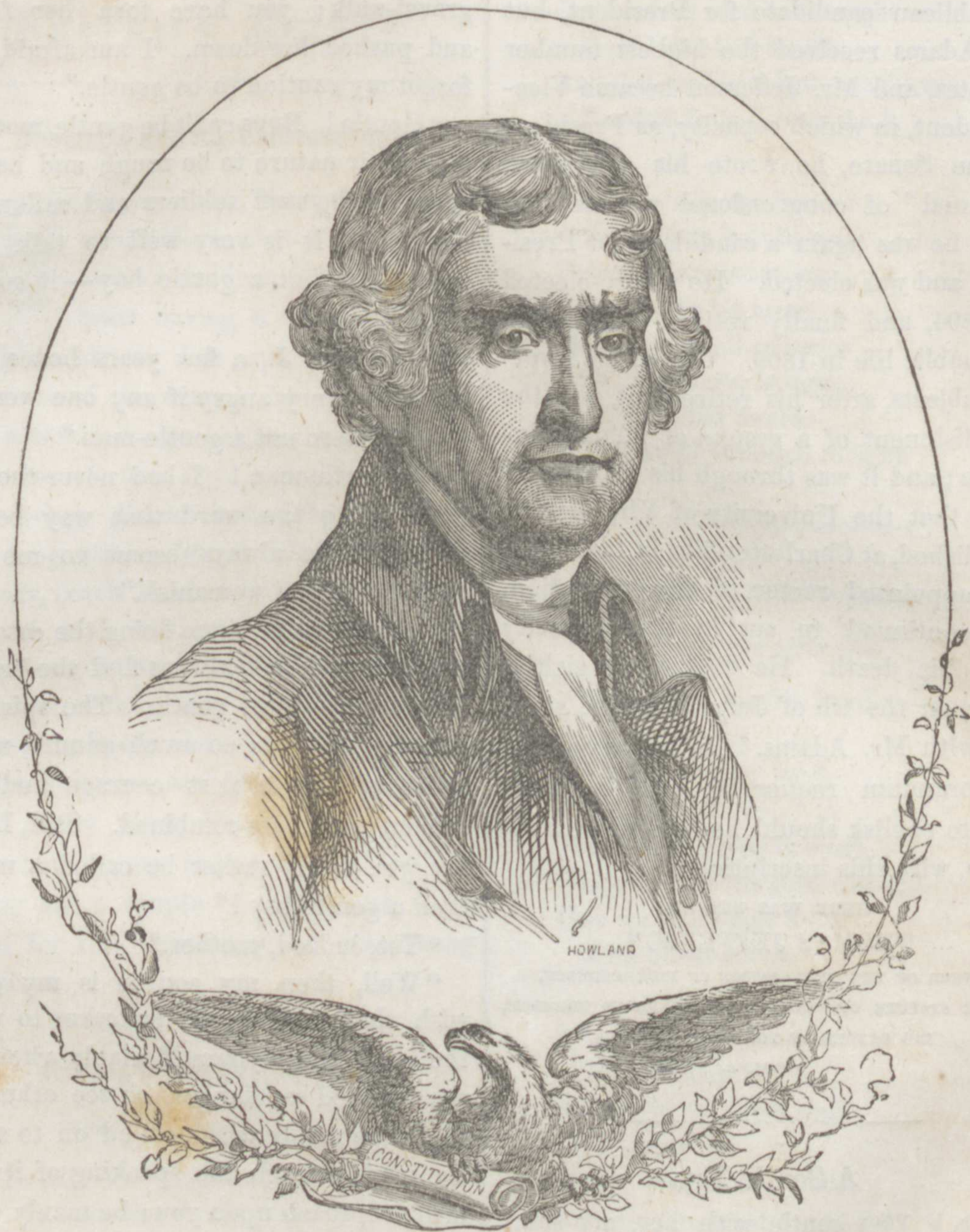
By birth and position, he was an aristocrat; but by inclination and sentiment, he was a democrat and a philanthropist, and an enthusiast in the cause of human liberty.

In 1769, Mr. Jefferson was elected to the Legislature of the colony, a situation he continued to fill until the breaking out of the Revolution. During this period, he made an unsuccessful effort to procure the abolition of slavery in Virginia.

In 1775, he was sent to the Continental Congress, and was one of the committee of five, appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence. Although the youngest member of the committee, he was invited to prepare a draft of that important document. The result was, the important paper was submitted to the committee, and was adopted, with some trifling amendments by Congress, on the 4th of July, 1776, thus founding a new epoch in human history, whose influence is destined to emancipate the world.

He originated in the Virginia Legislature the laws prohibiting the importation of slaves; establishing religious freedom, and a system of general education. In 1776, Mr. Jefferson was elected Governor of Virginia, to succeed Patrick Henry. He held the office for two years, and then retired to private life, and soon after





Thomas Jefferson, Third President.

wrote his celebrated "Notes on Virginia." In 1784, he wrote a treatise on the establishment of a coinage for the United States, and proposed the system of federal money.

In 1784, he was appointed, in connection with Adams and Franklin, minister plenipotentiary, to negotiate treaties of

commerce with foreign nations. The next March, he was appointed, by Congress, minister at the French court, to succeed Dr. Franklin, in which post he remained until October, 1789. On his return, he was appointed by Washington, Secretary of State.

In 1796, Mr. Jefferson became the



Republican candidate for President, but Mr. Adams received the highest number of votes, and Mr. Jefferson became Vice-President, in which capacity, as President of the Senate, he wrote his celebrated "Manual" of congressional routine. In 1800, he was again a candidate for President, and was elected. He was re-elected in 1804, and finally retired from office and public life in 1809. One of his favorite subjects, after his retirement, was the establishment of a system of public education; and it was through his instrumentality that the University of Virginia was established, at Charlottesville, in 1818. He was appointed rector of the institution, and continued to act in that capacity until his death. He died, aged eighty-three, on the 4th of July, 1826, the same day with Mr. Adams. He left a private memorandum requesting that a small granite obelisk should be erected over his grave, with this inscription:

HERE WAS BURIED  
THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,  
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,  
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
VIRGINIA.

### A Gentle Boy.

"**B**E very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls! there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the

gravel-walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it is their nature to be rough and hardy; they are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl, but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentle-man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy!"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or with men; be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which perhaps you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavor to be what you wish,—a gentle-manly boy."—*Selected.*



## Editor's Table.

### Sabbath School Celebration.

**W**E would say, to our country subscribers, that the Sabbath School children of Buffalo have been having a fine time, since the issue of our last number. On the afternoon of the second day of June they were assembled together, in the park, from all parts of the city, some four thousand strong. From thence they marched, in a long procession, divided into three sections, (each headed by a band of music, and with waving banners,) through the principal streets, to three different churches, which they completely filled, where they spent the afternoon in listening to addresses, and singing, after which little books were distributed to them. They had a very happy time. The following are a couple of the hymns, composed for the occasion, which were sung by them.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

TUNE—"THE MISSIONARY HYMN."

We raise our youthful voices  
To Him who dwells above,  
Whose smile the earth rejoices,  
And fills the heart with love.  
His angels daily lead us,  
And guard us night by night;  
He sends them down to feed us,  
And guide our steps aright.

We praise this gracious Maker  
For all the light of truth,  
Of which He makes partaker  
Each humble, contrite youth.

Our teachers kind have taught us  
How Jesus died for all,  
And that his blood hath bought us  
Freedom from Satan's thrall.

Yet all in vain the Saviour  
For us from heaven came,  
Unless by our behaviour,  
We glorify his name.  
Then will we all endeavor  
To do whate'er is right,  
That we at last forever  
May dwell with God in light.

#### THE HAPPY BAND.

TUNE—"THE HAPPY LAND"

With teachers, hand in hand,  
In bright array,  
We come, a happy band,  
On this glad day,  
The song of praise to swell,  
While we hear the good man tell,  
How we above may dwell  
With Christ alway.

A happy, happy band  
We well may be;  
We live in the sweet land  
Of liberty,  
Which tyrants never trod,  
And, by threaten'd flames unaw'd,  
We here may worship God  
Among the free.

We are a happy band,  
For we adore  
The King of that bright land  
Where faith doth soar,  
And where, in sweet accord,  
All the ransom'd of the Lord  
Send shouts of praise abroad  
For ever more.



### Look out, Boys.

Even now, we begin to hear crack! crack! pop! pop! through the streets; a sure omen, of itself, that something is at hand which is not to be seen every day. You know what it is. Boys always do, especially if there is mischief in it; and we apprehend that, even in Fourth of July celebrations, the little gentry of our land have about as sharp an eye for mischief as for patriotism, in some of their capers. But look out, boys, look out! lest in trying to make a noise you make an explosion. Remember that a great many accidents happen on independence days; so be careful, and if you must fire off guns, pistols, and cannons, load light. You may not have quite as much fun all at once, but then your powder will last longer, and you will be more likely to get off with a whole skin, and talk of your fun afterward. Be as patriotic as you like; buy fire-crackers, and rockets, if you like; and if you like, too, fill a barrel full of them, and then set them a going, till one would think you had miniature editions of Lexington and Bunker Hill headed up there; but, beware of accidents. Do n't set off your fire works too near people's faces and eyes; be very careful not to scare teams, as they pass along the streets; and also, not to set buildings on fire, in the abundance of your enthusiasm.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We received some verses from "Minnie," which, besides being rather too hastily written, were not quite suitable in the way of subject, for the pages of the Casket. All poetry intended for the Casket, should be of a *juvenile* character. We thank "Minnie," nevertheless, and hope she will not break friendship with us, by any means.

We have received from "Mary" and "Charles E. Clark," answers to enigmas which were published too far back to make answers necessary. Answers to enigmas published in any one month should always be sent as early as the middle of the month following.

#### ENIGMA NO. XVII.

I am composed of 23 letters. My 3, 12, 6, is a liquor. My 13, 7, 11, 19, is a part of the face. My 1, 22, 6, is a nickname. My 21, 7, 9, is an adverb. My 22, 10, is an interjection. My 3, 7, 11, 15, is a fragrant flower. My 14, 3, 4, 11, 20, is a part of a lady's dress. My 16, 12, 8, is a verb. My 23, 7, 22, 14, is useful in winter. My 2, 7, 6, 15, is dear to us all. My 18, 5, 8, is a fowl. My 17, 7, 21, is a weight. My whole is an interesting story in the Youth's Casket.

HATTIE.

#### ENIGMA NO. XVIII

I am composed of 9 letters. My 1, 2, 3, is a useful animal. My 9, 8, 7, 1, 9, is a tree. My 8, 7, is a place mentioned in sacred history. My 7, 2, 3, is an article of dress. My 3, 4, 7, 5, 5, is a number. My 3, 8, 7, is used in the construction of ships. My 6, 5, 5, 7 is a wild animal. My whole is a place of worship.

CEOLA.

#### ENIGMA NO. XIX.

I am composed of 13 letters. My 6, 2, 10, 11, is an article used by shoemakers. My 7, 4, 3, 12, is a beverage. My 3, 4, 6, 12, is a river in Africa. My 9, 2, 13, 13, 12, 6, is a useful article. My 6, 2, 7, is what many persons resort to. My 1, 2, 5, 3, 11, is an ancient weapon of warfare. My 3, 2, 4, 6, is used by carpenters. My whole is a distinguished statesman of the United States.

CHARLES A. CLARK.

#### ENIGMA NO. XX.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 5, 2, 11, 3, is a covering for the head. My 14, 15, 3, 15, 12, 4, 15, is a city in Canada. My 11, 16, 12, is a house. My 4, 15, 7, 16, is a cape in Africa. My 6, 9, is a part of speech. My 4, 7, 15, is a figure of three letters. My 4, 15, 15, is an adverb. My 2, 16, 12, 6, is a lady's name. My 4, 15, is a Preposition. My 11, 3, 9, 5, is a sea in Europe. My 9, 11, 16, 13, 11, 16, 13, is a practice common in every Public School. My 7, 6, 9, is an irregular verb. My 4, 15, 12, is a weight. My whole was a woman universally beloved in the United States.

MATILDA COOK.

#### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &C.

Enigma No. xiv. was answered by "Ceola" and "Hattie." Enigma No. xx. by "Hattie" and "Ceola"

ENIGMA NO. XIV.—Benjamin Franklin.

ENIGMA NO. XV.—California, the gold regions.

ENIGMA NO. XVI.—Harley Thorne.